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Joint Concert Is Given by Glee Clubs Friday

U. of I. Men's Glee Club
Andists Women's Club
in Concert.

An audience of over 200 people attended the annual Women's Glee club concert given last Friday night in the college auditorium. The Men's Glee club from the University of Illinois, directed by Mr. Raymond Dvorak, presented two groups of numbers and was combined with the Women's club at the end of the programme to sing three special numbers.

The first number sung by the Women's club was a cantata, "The Lady of Shalott." The solo parts were sung by Miss Barbara McDaniels 34. The Men's club then sang a group of four songs, and contrary to the general practice at E. I., the men sang four encores, which were very well received.

The Women's Glee club then returned to the stage and sang a group of three numbers. The third number, "The Snow" by Elgar, featured a flute and violin accompaniment by Miss Helen Slinn '32, and Mr. Richard W. Weckel.

Sing College Songs
The Men's Glee club sang their second group of songs and, as before, gladly presented a number of encores. One of these, a Russian church song, was wildly applauded by the audience. For other encores the club presented several songs of the University of Illinois, among these "Hail to the Orange," "College Days," and "Illinois Loyalty."

The combined glee clubs ended the programme singing three numbers, the first two directed by Mr. Dvorak, and the third by Miss Major.

Following the recital the Men's Glee club was the guest of honor at a dance given in the gymnasium. Miss Ruth Major directed the Women's Glee club, and Mrs. S. E. Thomas was the accompanist. Mr. Arthur James accompanied the Men's Glee club.

Kadelpians Elect New Year's Officers

The new officers elected last Tuesday night to lead Kappa Delta Pi next year are James Lattis '33, president; Mrs. Ruth Kerns '33, vice-president; Mildred Handley '33, secretary; Miss Hendrix, treasurer; and Miss Reinhardt, counselor.

The programme for the evening was furnished by the initiates who read the papers they had prepared as a part of their pledge duties. Shirley Poland brought out the teacher's responsibilities in her paper, "What the Teacher Owes the Community." The community's responsibilities were shown in a paper, "What the Community Owes the Teacher" by Lora Anderson. "The Place of Social Life in the School" was the subject of the paper read by Mrs. Ruth Kerns. Mildred Handley offered her suggestions to the group in a paper, "What Can Be Done To Improve Present Teaching?"

During the business part of the meeting it was decided to have a tea on the afternoon of Alumni Day for former members of Kappa Delta Pi.

Final plans were not made at this meeting for the tea though.

HOLD JR.-SR. BANQUET

The annual Junior-Senior banquet was held in the parlors of Pemberton Hall last Saturday night. Leland Kerns acted as toastmaster and toasts were given by Mr. Lord, Mr. Seymour, Mr. Hughes, Ruth Corley, Joe Kirk, Rex McMorris, and Alvin Von Behren. After the banquet there was dancing in the gymnasium to the music of Gene McCormick's orchestra.

SOPHOMORES WIN THE CLASS DAY LAURELS

The sophomores, with a well organized attack, won a one-sided victory over the freshmen in the annual Class Day celebration which was held last Wednesday. The final score was 97-22, the tug-of-war not counting for either team.

The sophs took the lead, winning the baseball game 13-2. McCoy was first, Poutman second, and Funkhouser third in the 100-yard dash. The sophs won the boys' and girls' relay races. The freshmen won five points when Zimmer took the baseball throw. The sophs won the three-legged race.

The flag rush was a big surprise, the sophs taking the flag after only 15 seconds of struggling. The girls' hockey game was won by the frosh 2-1.

Miss Geddes Talks at Group Meeting Education Classes

Pathways to Appreciation of Literature are Discussed by Teacher.

Miss Geddes, training teacher in the second grade, gave a special lecture to Mr. Siever's education classes and Mr. Beu's 11:20 class on Tuesday, May 3. Miss Geddes talked on "Teaching Appreciation" and read numerous selections of poetry, pointing out which things the children most appreciated in them.

The various path-ways by which children may learn to appreciate literature more, as pointed out by Miss Geddes; are nature, science, history, and geography. She stated that one of the important values of literature is that it makes the students realize that there are many beautiful things around them. Once the children realize the beauty of their surroundings new fields of conversation are opened up for them.

Some of the poets from whose work selections were read are Robert Frost, Emily Dickinson, Vachel Lindsay, and Edna St. Vincent Millay. Miss Geddes brought out the points that if a child is to appreciate poetry to any great extent the poems must concern something within the scope of the child's experience and must have a beautiful theme.

PRACTICAL ARTS EXHIBIT

The Practical Arts department of the college and high school will present an exhibit of the work done in the different classes in the Practical Arts building on Friday, May 27. There will be two exhibits: one at 3:00 p. m. and another at 7:00 p. m.

Complete details as to the exhibit will be published in the next issue of the News.

(By Bardell Murray '34)

"It was all so . . . George Stiff 34 grouped for the right word, so . . . amiable! You know the excitement of the Kentucky Derby . . . old southern hospitality and they have it down there at Louisville . . . rubbing elbows with millionaires and gangsters . . . Here his limousine stopped; George hastened to defend his statement. 'It isn't so hard to spot the millionaires . . . they're so casual—born to the banknotes! As for gangsters, I'm sure I saw one at the Brown Hotel (that's where we put up in Louisville.) At least he looked authentic—short, swarthy, well-dressed, wearing a huge diamond ring the size of a quarter! That ring convicted him in my estimation.'"

The "we" George refers to above means George Stiff and his friend, Leo Spence of Kentucky, nephew of

How Is Your Taster? Science Club to Explain

Mr. Cavins to Conduct Experiment; Louise Stillions to Give Travel Talk.

Just how are you different from other people? The answer to this question may be found out, in part, at the Science club meeting next Wednesday evening, May 18, at 7:00. Mr. Cavins, head of the agricultural department, will give each person present a small piece of paper to chew up. Due to different inherited traits, to some this paper will have a disagreeable or bitter taste, to others the paper will have no taste at all. Hadn't you always thought you "tasted" the same as other persons?

Pseudo Scientists
Mr. Cains will also give a talk, "Pseudo Science and Pseudo Scientists." In this discussion Mr. Cavins will show how people who have not done any work in the field of scientific research have nevertheless been interested in the discoveries and profited from them. These people have taken the results of scientific research and "sold" them to the unsuspecting public, sometimes proclaiming impossible facts of the discoveries. Formerly individuals conducted this "ballyhoo," but in the field of big business and industry today Mr. Cavins will show how corporations have taken over the process.

Travel Talk
Another feature of the meeting will be "An Imaginary Trip Through the Western Part of the United States" by Louise Stillions. The high spots of the trip will be Yosemite National Park, Yellowstone National Park and the Desert of Arizona with the nearby petrified forest. Lantern slides will be used to illustrate Miss Stillion's talk.

MR. HARLAN HASSEBERG MENTIONED IN ARTICLE

The "Radio Guides," published in Chicago, has in its last issue an item that will be interesting to everyone who remembers Mr. Harlan Hassberg, who was formerly in the music department at E. I. The item under "Orchestral Doings" says, "Charlie Agnew is featuring his 'singing ensemble' with his orchestra at the Edgewater Beach Hotel. One of the outstanding numbers, by the ensemble, that has been heard on the KVV and NBC broadcasts, is 'Lard, You Made the Night Too Long.' Agnew's ensemble is composed of his entire orchestra and Irene Taylor. The outstanding vocalists, besides Miss Taylor, are Stanley Jacobson, 'Dusty' Rhoades, Harlan Hassberg, Emil DeSoli and Jack Reid. Hunter Kahler remains at the piano during the ensemble numbers."

George Stiff Tells Reporter About Kentucky Derby

Kay Spence, ace trainer for the Audley Farm Stable of West Virginia. Such connections served the boys, well as shall be seen later. They made the trip south with L. K. Bell of Charleston, leaving this city at 8:00 o'clock Friday morning, May 6, and appearing in Louisville in time for luncheon. Mr. Bell continued his business trip: from then on George Stiff and Leo Spence were on their own. A Piece of Lead: Hard-Boiled Eggs That afternoon Leo, drawing himself up to his full height—which is considerable, presented himself at the track gate as "Kay's nephew"—that is, nephew of Kay Spence, trainer. The connections elicited an admission gratis, in stricken Leo, George Stiff pursuing in his walk. They ended up in the south section of the amphitheatre, where at p. whites and negroes. Two races were run, but the boys watched them

News Wins First in Illinois College Newspaper Contest

R. Wilson Elected New Head Sigma Delta at Meeting

The following persons were elected to lead Sigma Delta next year: Roy Wilson, president; F. L. Andrews, vice-president; and Harold Cottingham, secretary and treasurer. Each candidate was elected to office by the unanimous vote of those present.

It was decided to hold one more meeting before the end of the school year. This meeting will be something special such as a picnic or a dance, but definite plans have not been made as yet. Final plans will be announced later.

Miss Morse Gives a Special Lecture at Group Meeting

Talks on "Teaching Children to Read" at Meeting of Education Classes.

Miss Morse, training teacher in the first grade, gave a special lecture, "Teaching Children to Read," to Mr. Siever's education classes on Thursday, April 28. Mr. Siever's classes were studying primary reading at the time and received some very enlightening information from Miss Morse on just how the children proceed in learning how to read.

Miss Morse had prepared a chart which she demonstrated to the group, showing how the child has absolutely no conception of what the symbols on the written page stand for unless they are explained.

Children Demonstrate
A detailed account was given of just how the children proceed from the beginning of their reading until they pass on to the next grade. This account was supplemented by some of the pupils coming over from Miss Morse's class and reading before the group.

To show how valuable this lecture was to a class studying primary reading it might be stated that Miss Morse is a recognized authority in this field. She is looking forward to her new summer class and has many things planned for them.

HALL INFORMAL MAY 21

Saturday night, May 21, has been set aside for the Pemberton Hall Spring Informal. According to Juanda Blackburn plans are going forward rapidly to make the dance one of the most successful. A popular orchestra has been engaged to furnish the music for the evening. Unusual entertainment is promised. For several years Pemberton Hall has sponsored an informal dance

Awarded Honor for Second Consecutive Year; Receives Other Prizes.

12 ATTEND CONVENTION

The News was awarded first place in the best paper contest held by the Illinois College Press Association for the second consecutive year. The announcement of the award was made at the convention held at Wheaton last Saturday. Three members of the staff received second awards in the special contests held for individual articles.

Twelve representatives of the News staff attended the one-day convention held at Wheaton college. Registration was at 9:00 a. m., at which time the delegates were given the opportunity to look over exhibits of papers and special articles. Two exhibits of commercial photography and stereotype plates were also included in the building.

Welcome Delegates
At 10:00 a. m. the delegates were assembled in the college chapel and there were welcomed by a representative of the president of the college. Malcom Forsberg, president of the association, made a short talk and then directed the delegates to the rooms which were to be used for special discussions.

Professor Barlow of the University of Illinois, adviser of the association, led the group of business managers, and Mr. P. L. Andrews, adviser of the News, conducted the discussions of the editorial group. The groups were rejoined at 12:30 to make the trip to Naperville for the banquet which was given in the Spanish Tea Room.

Duncan-Clark Speaks
The main feature of the convention was the address given by Mr. S. Duncan-Clark, editorial writer for the Chicago Daily News. Mr. Duncan-Clark told many interesting stories of his first years in the newspaper game, several of which were highly amusing. The latter part of his address concerned the

(Continued to page 8)

Fantasy Production for Players Meeting

The pleasant and surprising announcement that the Charleston Dramatic club will give a fantasy before the Players at the next meeting, was the important feature of the Players meeting held last Friday.

This last meeting of the year is to be an open meeting. It will be held on May 20 in the assembly room. The Charleston Dramatic club is composed of a number of teachers and townspeople who are interested in acting. At each of their meetings they present a play.

Final plans for the banquet which is to be held May 16, were announced. The dinner will be served at The Elms, and afterwards the guests will attend a theater party at the Fox-Lincoln. A committee was appointed to select nominees for the next year's president, who, with the other officers, will be elected at the next meeting. The entertainment of the evening was provided by the make-up department, members of which gave two demonstrations, and by the costume department, members of which gave two short talks.

FRENCH CLUB ELBOTION

At a meeting of La Cercle Francaise, last Thursday night, the following officers were elected for next year: Helen Svoboda '35, president; Evelyn Hallowell '33, vice-president; Evelyn Burger '34, secretary; and Harold Cottingham '35, treasurer.

After the business, the members discussed current events and happenings.

(Continued to page 8)

T. C. HIGH SCHOOL

Juniors Entertain Seniors at Annual Banquet May 7

Banquet is Held at Masonic Temple; McSperry and Orchestra Play for Dancing.

Saturday evening, May 7, at 7:00 the Junior class entertained the Senior class and a few special guests at a beautiful banquet and dance at the Masonic Temple in Mattoon. The three-course dinner consisted of fruit cocktail, baked ham with brown gravy, new brown potatoes, peas in patties, vegetable salad, hot rolls, pickles, pecan crush, cake, and coffee.

After the dinner the speakers were introduced by Walton Morris, the toastmaster. Woodrow Stillins welcomed the guests, and Don Neal gave the response for the Seniors. After Miss Orcutt's excellent speech on "A Feast," Miss Ellington was called on for an extemporaneous speech and rose to the occasion in a very clever way. Miss Minnie told a tale about a timid, timid junior, modeled on the story of "The Elephant's Child," and Mr. Coleman, the senior class adviser, concluded the entertainment by trying to bolster up the seniors' hopes for Class Day and post-T. C. careers.

After the banquet, card playing and dancing to Gene McCormick's orchestra were enjoyed. The ballroom was beautifully decorated in lavender and green streamers, lilacs, tulips, bridal wreath, and fernery, and large groups of balloons which were later released and floated down from the ceiling during the special balloon dance. Each guest at the banquet received for a favor an artificial orchid. The following special guests were invited to the banquet and dance: Mr. Lord, Mrs. Awty, Miss Orcutt, Miss Ellington, Miss Minnie, Miss Michael, Miss Parker, and Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Coleman.

The committee for the party was Frances Tirus, general chairman; Ruth Icenogly, Libby Weir, Virginia Gaiser, Mary Crews, Margaret McCarthy, and Josephine Thomas.

Annual Picnic Is Held at the Rocks

The Juniors and Seniors of T. C. made merry at the annual picnic which was held last Saturday at the Rocks. The fun started about 4:00 p. m. Baseball, horseshoe, swinging, teetering, rowing, and climbing was enjoyed by the members until 6:00 when a combination supper was served.

After the supper more games were played and everyone was started home before 10:30. Faculty members present included Miss Orcutt, Miss Minnie, Mr. and Mrs. Coleman, Miss Parker, and Miss Michael.

Now I Axe You

What do you think of the Warbler? Abby Sunderman — "I think they're keen."

Maxine Engle — "They're not so bad."

Harriet Hawkins — "I think they are pretty good, myself."

Francis Shafer — "I've seen them better."

Hershel Cole — "I don't think."

Ward Welland — "The cover is pretty."

Kate Walker — "A good place to show your country wit, by writing."

Thomas Endsley — "The best thing about them is my picture."

Charles Myers — "Pretty hot, only mine is written up too much now."

Bill Seiffert — "O. K., but I don't like the green cover."

Hinduism and Mohammedanism, the two religions which rule 90 per cent of India today, are so different in beliefs, observances and rituals that they have even made necessary two drinking wells in every rail road station — one "For Hindus" and one "For Mohammedans."

T. C. Wins a Five Team Field Meet

T. C. came through Thursday to win an easy victory on the local track. C. H. S., Toledo, Westfield, Lerna, and T. C. were entered.

Of the fifteen events, T. C. won nine firsts, and in four events placed first and second. Those events were the 100-yard high hurdles, the 220-yard hurdles, the 440-yard dash, and the half-mile run.

C. H. S. won the relay with her fast outfit. The final score stood T. C. 60%, C. H. S. 32%, Westfield 14, Toledo 9, and Lerna 7.

Sophs Hold Picnic Monday at Springs

The Sophomore's held their picnic of the year at Patterson's Springs, Monday 16. The young group left at 2:30 and at 6:00 o'clock Mrs. Rains served a delicious lunch or feast which she had prepared. There was a fine group present and the various recreations of bowling, boating, dancing and golf were greatly enjoyed. Mr. and Mrs. Stover, Miss Hendrix and Mr. Shiley chaperoned the picknickers.

Harry Mack Places Fifth in Orations

Harry Mack, T. C. orator, entered in the state contest last Friday, came through to win fifth place. The contest was held at the State Normal University at Normal, Ill. Mack placed only seven points behind the winner. The competition was very strong this year. The first three place winners were awarded medals. Professor W. P. Sandford of the University of Illinois, was the judge.

Eighth Grade Wins Music Memory Test

The annual Music Memory contest was held last Friday in the music room. The eighth grade won the contest, which numbered 25 well-known selections. The contestants were made up of groups from grades 7, 8, and 9.

TORCHY'S TWICE-TOLD TOUCHING TALES.

Johnny P. had better watch out with his wee witty wisdom: he's been ejaculating 'round here in 'Warbles' or 'X His Mark.'

Incidentally, have you heard about a certain devastating dirty daniel who penned the same tender tunes (twice)? And about the official translator employed by both youths?

Wouldn't you like to have seen Mae, in pink net and blue taffeta and Jay in red and white organdy. Tak, tak! I meant Joe not Jay! They're gonna erect a glass factory for Ruth R. so she can break her glasses each day.

Some eats! Some time! Some picnic! Huh, Sophs? Ward Welland says he read Aesop's Fables as soon as they appeared. Better count his teeth, somebody.

My horseshoe declares I'm languid, quiet and glamorous. Somebody made a mistake!

Well, for every mistake there's an eraser.

'Tis said the trees are packing their trunks. They'll be leafing soon.

For every sunbeam, there's a rain-drop.

For every smile, there's a tear-drop.

For every cough, there's a cough-drop.

And I hope for every reader, this may lift and mouth corners which may drop.

Yours, Til Kate Smith gives up or moves the mountain.

—TORCHY.

Editorially:

SCHOOL ABSENCES—

When is it proper to remain away from school? Only when one is ill or has been excused from school before their absence by the teachers. Are the students of T. C. following this rule which has been traditional in T. C.? No, there have been entirely too many absences lately. Everyone must cooperate in these last few weeks and not stay out of school unless it is absolutely necessary. The whole school will be excused if any event is important enough to miss classes.

THE SIMPLE (?) VIOLET

I searched within a wooded dell To find the flower I knew so well A thrill of pleasure did I get When I beheld the violet.

"Behold, my friend," I said to you, "This humble, simple flower of blue. For 'tho' 'tis neither bright nor tall, It is the beauty of them all."

And then I listened while you stated:

"The violet and pansy are related. The hooded species you now hold is often found in white or gold."

"Nor does it choose the wooded dell—

It likes the gravel slope as well. Then, too, my friend, you'll surely see, If we go into botany—"

But here I rudely said: "Let's go. I find this chatter bores me so." To truth to tell, I was quite grieved To find I had been so deceived.

Just Nosit' Around

Have a nice time at the banquet, Senior pals? Glad you did.

Oh, it's hit Warren, too, and he is quite gone on some poor girl. He wants her to go steady, but she says, "no."

What? Yes, Helen and Harry have decided to try it again. (perhaps when you read this they will be foes again. Can't tell.) You know it's a wonder we don't all have writer's cramps from sign-in' Warblers. And especially the teachers.

Just think, only three more weeks of school. Not so bad? Exams and notebooks? Why bring that up?

Well, well. Can Jo Thomas collect the jewelry? She's sporting her Mattoon pal's ring, and a Charleston admirer's watch. Does she rate?

And what's more, have you heard the latest about Poley? He's a naughty, bad boy. I really can't tell you any more.

Kate and Skeeter have decided life would be better if they weren't together so much, so now each may have a few other interests.

I know someone else who likes pickles just as well as I do. Believe he ate around eleven. (Perhaps a little exaggerated) and I ate fifteen (not exaggerated.) Know who it was? Faculty!

From what I hear the Sophs lost their dignity and acted like the class that precedes them. I understand they had one fine time.

The Juniors and Seniors had a fine picnic, too. The revelry was practically uncontrollable.

Friends, that is all. I must close and prepare for Class Day.

Again I write it—best wishes,

—ST. A.

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W. G. PETERS, Prop.

Decatur Wins Local District Meet Saturday; T. C. Sends 3 to Finals

T. C. High was hostess to one of the most successful district meets ever held at Charleston last Saturday. The weather was ideal for the occasion. Several good marks were established during the day. Decatur, although not winning a first place, led the field of 32 teams. Decatur was closely followed by Mattoon, Newman, Paris and Teachers High.

The Blue and Gold qualified three men for the State meet. This is probably the best showing T. C. has ever made in the District. Don Neal easily won the high hurdles, clipping off the event in 16.3 seconds. W. Neal, Sophomore flash, came through with a second in the low hurdle event, being defeated his first time by Twiss of Shelbyville. Les Dawson saving all his strength for one event leaped 20 ft. 7 1/2 inches to win first place in the broad jump. Chamberlain ran third in the half mile.

This concludes the track season, for the squad with the exception of the three men qualifying for the State meet. W. Neal, Dawson and D. Neal will journey to Champaign next Saturday to compete with the best interscholastic athletes of Illinois.

Track Events

100 yard dash—Won by Holt, Newman; Austin, Charleston High second; Fullerton, Tuscola, third; Wright, Tuscola, fourth. No fifth place awarded. Time—10.2.

220 yard dash—Won by Holt, Newman; Beane, Decatur, second; Shaffner, Martinsville, third; McMillan, Decatur, fourth; Wambaugh, Ramsey, fifth. Time—23.9.

440 yard dash—Won by Boyer, Paris; Deane, Decatur, second; Burks, Decatur, third; Devore, Mattoon, fourth; Johnston, Shelbyville, fifth. Time—53.3.

880 yard run—Won by Gaines, Mattoon; Bennington, Decatur, second; Chamberlain, Charleston T. C. High, third; Hutchins, Martinsville, fourth; Perry, Decatur, fifth. Shelbyville; Rideout, Tuscola, second; one mile run—Won by Tubbs, and; Dayton, Paris, third; Kenney, Paris, fourth; Thompson, Martinsville, fifth. Time 4:37 (new record.) Former record 4:42 held by Tubbs.

120 yard high hurdles—Won by D. Neal, Charleston Teachers' High; Sandstead, Paris, second; Williams, Martinsville, third; Munsell, Shelbyville, fourth. W. Fleming, Arthur, fifth. Time—16.3. (New record.) former record held by Montgomery, Oakland, and Duncan, Assumption, at 16.8.

220 yard low hurdles—Won by Armin Twiss, Shelbyville; W. Neal, Charleston Teachers High, second; Younger, Bethany, third; Ridley, Charleston, fourth; Shoemaker, Tuscola, fifth. Time—27.

880 yard relay—Won by Sullivan

(Dwyer, Grote, McDavid, Freeman); Paris (Kilmer, Jones, Adams, Boyer) second; Decatur (Beane, Michl, Dabner, McGlasson) third; Arthur (Howell, Gregory, Davis, Bouck) fourth; Mattoon, fifth. Time—1:37.8.

Field Events

Pole vault—Won by Long, Newman; Booley, Mattoon, second; Paris and Minick, Decatur, tied for second; Guess, Martinsville, and Galbreath tied for fifth. Height—11 feet.

Shot put—Won by Rozene, Windsor; Blair, Blue Mound, second; Baker, Arthur, third; Zimmerman, Martinsville, fourth; Todd, Tuscola, fifth. Distance—42 feet 7 1/2 inches.

Discus throw—Won by Stephens, Montrose; Todd, Tuscola, second; Davis, Arthur, third; J. Austin, Charleston, fourth; Heath, Metcalf, fifth. Distance—108 feet, 9 inches.

Javelin throw—Won by Trainer, Blue Mound; Heath, Metcalf, second; Stocker, Paris, third; Tyler, Martinsville, fourth; Lindsay, Paris, fifth. Distance—168 feet.

High jump—Won by Tyler, Martinsville; Robert, Casey, Keys, Decatur, and Long, Newman, tied for second; Tied, Effingham, Vale, Metcalf, Weaver, Moweaqua, Swinford, Oakland and Sandstead, Paris, tied for fifth. Height—5 feet 5 1/2 inches.

Broad jump—Won by Dawson, Charleston Teachers High; Bouck, Arthur, second; Gentry, Redmon, third; Boggs, Mattoon, fourth; Sanders, Paris, fifth. Distance—20 feet, 7 1/2 inches.

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Journalists Have Interesting Visit While in Chicago

Varied Interests Take Staff Members Into All Parts of the Big City.

(By a News Reporter)

Twelve of E. I.'s promising journalists were visitors in Chicago last week-end after spending Saturday at Wheaton attending the Illinois College Press Convention. Some of the visitors had previous experience in the great city, but others were making their first visit.

One member had expressed a desire to ride on an elevated street car, another wanted to see and hear Earl Hines, and still another wanted to just see shows. Later, after returning from Chicago, the various members of the staff were asked, "What impressed you the most in Chicago, and what did you enjoy most of all?" A short synopsis of their doing will answer the question. Here 'tis!

Orchestras Favorites

As some of the members desired to see and hear Wayne King in person, six of them proceeded to go to the NBC studios Sunday afternoon to hear him broadcast. They were well rewarded for they were able to see Wayne and Herbie Kay both broadcasting. As a thriller to the group, they were lucky enough to ride down on the elevator with Wayne King and his wife, but as one member said, "He had his arm around her, talking to her and we didn't want to disturb him, so we therefore didn't get to speak to him."

Four admirers of Earl Hines, who had listened to that famous orchestra broadcast for a long time, but who had never been able to see him in person, made the long pilgrimage to the south side of Chicago to see the famous piano player and his orchestra. More thrills were theirs for they were introduced to Earl himself, and spoke to them, asking, "Well, how's business?" And to this Earl replied, "Ain't you heard of the depression?" The answer to this question was expressed by a member of the group when the check was brought around when they left. "There can't be a depression in this joint."

Attend Shows

Shows were really the attraction of the trip as everyone saw at least two during the stay. The Oriental and the Chicago theaters were the main ones attended, with a few other lesser lights thrown in. One young man so forgot himself as to slip off by himself to see a legitimate stage show. He was rewarded though by being called "high-hat" and other names for doing the deed.

It has been rumored that several members visited the art museum and other points of interest which are not usually admitted by many visitors to the fair city. Six of the group braved the wind and rain to gain the top of the Tribune tower to gaze at the smoke, and incidentally the scenery that is to be viewed from that high point.

Rides on Elevated

One of the members who had never been on an elevated street car is now a proud veteran of the tall tramways. No doubt the thrill of the trip along the top of the crowd will remain with him for the rest of the month. It is reported that he stood up bravely under the ordeal of his first trip above one flight of stairs when he tackled the Tribune tower.

A woman member of the group wanted just to be among the people of the city so she was rewarded with a nice chair on a busy corner of the loop where she might sit and watch while the rest did the town.

Left in the City
One of the most exciting times was had by the four members who made the trip in a Ford coach. The quartet managed to get lost a total of three times. First, coming in to Chicago, the "travelers," as they might now be called, went too far to the east and as a result had to retrace their steps to get to their destination. The same evening when they were hunting the Grand Terrace Cafe, the "travelers" very nicely circled the place and went at least three miles out of their way in searching for it.

The third time for them to get lost came when they were returning from Wheaton Saturday night. Again they retraced their steps after they had gone into the east in

Board Elects New Heads for Two Student Publications



Louise Stillions '34



Paul Blair '33



Dawn Neil '33

Harold Marker '34

At the meeting of the Student Board of Publications on May 3 Louise Stillions '34 was elected editor of the Warbler for 1932-33, and Harold Marker '34 business manager. Dawn Neil '33 was elected to take the place of the retiring business manager of the News, Paul Timnea '32. Paul Elliot Blair '33 was re-elected editor of the News for the coming year.

Miss Stillions was the only applicant for the position of editor. She has been editor of the high school section of the Warbler, and was the associate editor this year. Harold Marker '34 was the business manager of the high school section of the

Warbler the same year that Miss Stillions was editor. There were four other applicants for the position.

Dawn Neil '33 has had much experience as business manager during the past few years. He was manager of the Warbler last year and this year, and has assisted with the finances of the dances during the last school year. He is a resident of Charleston and is personally acquainted with the merchants of the city.

Paul Elliot Blair '33, this year's editor of the News, was re-elected to the position for 1932-33. He served as associate editor under Harold Middlesworth in 1931 when the News

won two first awards in major journalism contests.

The editor and business manager of the Warbler have all ready made plans for the coming annual. The contract for the photography will be signed at an early date and the spring pictures will be taken soon.

The new business manager of the News will familiarize himself with his new position during the next few weeks. The retiring business manager, Paul Timnea, will finish the year, after which Mr. Neil will take up the duties.

The retiring editor and business manager of the Warbler are Irvin Singler '32 and Dawn Neil '33.

Staff Member Reviews Information of Wheaton C., Convention Host

(By Staff Reporter)

During the luncheon given on Saturday, May 12, at Naperville, the News staff picked up quite a bit of information about Wheaton College, which was host during the convention. It is a Christian college, nondenominational, and not as large as our own. When a student enters the college, he signs a pledge to not drink, smoke, or dance. One is under the impression that they also promise not to play cards or attend theaters, but such information may not be accurate. Wheaton college is noted for its strict rules. Wheaton is still smaller than Charleston, and so seems much quieter. It is only a short distance from Chicago but some of the students confided that they seldom went to the city, explaining that there wasn't much to do there. One could hardly understand such an attitude when one is trying to crowd a visit of a week or so into one week-end.

Naperville, where lunch was served, is still smaller than Wheaton but it has two schools. One is North Central, an Evangelical school, and the other is a small seminary for prospective ministers of the same faith. North Central is quite an old school. Their newspaper is over sixty years old, and is second in age in Illinois; only the *Hill* at the U. of I. is older.

Naperville is a very interesting place. It is three years older than Chicago. They celebrated their hundredth anniversary last year and Chicago celebrates theirs next year. Wood from Naperville was carried overland and used in the building of Chicago. If the city fathers had not refused to have a noisy railroad in their quiet village, so that it was taken out in the country,

search of the right street. Other noteworthy accomplishments of the "travelers" were four flat tires, and the ability to change tires without tire tools at four o'clock in the morning.

Return Triumphant

Monday found all the group returned to Charleston, tired but happy, and secure in the belief that they had "done the town." The many experiences which the members of the group went through were not exceptional, but they were real to every member. The sentiment of the entire group could be summed up in the words of one member who said, "Boy, if I could only go back next week."

Naperville might today rival its neighbor.

The Spanish Tea Room, where the banquet was held, was quite lovely and was a great surprise to all. There is nothing like it any closer than Champaign, and even Pohn's is no nicer. People come from miles around to this place, and one does not doubt it.

Mr. Taylor Shows Stars and Planets

The big and little bears, the hand sickle, and the crown were some of the constellations pointed out and discussed by E. H. Taylor on Wednesday evening, May 4. The occasion was a joint meeting of the Science and Mathematics clubs held on the campus and conducted by Mr. Taylor.

The planets Venus and Jupiter, with its satellites, were observed through the school telescope. Since Venus's orbit is within that of the earth it was in one of its phases such as our moon is. Some of the stars pointed out were Gemini, Polaris, and Arcturus. Mr. Taylor gave explanations for the various astronomical phenomena which all persons witness but few understand.

Since the moon does not come up until early in the morning it was not observed.

Mr. Taylor stated that the number of stars which can be seen with the naked eye is about 3,000.

An interesting sidelight concerning the star Arcturus, which was observed through the telescope, was given to the News reporter by a member of the Mathematics club. The last World's Fair was held in 1893 and the light rays which left the star Arcturus at that time will have reached the earth in time for the World's Fair of 1933. The energy of the rays from this star which reach Chicago will be collected and used to set off the devices which will herald the opening of events.

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Society Notes

WEEK-ENDS IN CHICAGO—

Miss Mary E. Thompson, school nurse, spent the week-end in Chicago.

VISITS IN XENIA—

Jimmy Harrison '33 spent Mother's Day visiting friends and relatives in his home town, Xenia.

VISITS IN PATOKA—

Evelyn Massie '32 spent the week-end with Alice Murlin at Patoka, Illinois.

VISIT IN ONARGA—

Miss Helen Slinn '32 and Howard Hutton '35 spent Mother's Day visiting Miss Slinn's mother in Onarga.

ATTEND SPRING FORMAL—

Helen Weber '34, and Dorothy Henry '32, attended the MI Hs Spring Formal last Friday evening at the Roof Garden in Champaign. They heard "Twee" Hogan's orchestra and Don Pedro's singing.

DINNER IN MATTOON—

Miss Reinhardt and Miss Hanson entertained a number of faculty members with a one o'clock dinner at the U. S. Grant Hotel in Mattoon, Sunday, May 15. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Koch, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. Waffle, Mr. and Mrs. Landis, Mr. and Mrs. Stover, Miss Reinhardt and Miss Hanson.

Reporter Overhears Chapel Conversation

(By Frances Louise Hopkins '32)

"May I see your Warbler? . . . Oh, isn't it darling? . . . Goodness, I didn't know there were so many faculty . . . Isn't she cute? . . .

I didn't know she was a Junior. . . Does she go with that fella steady? What he sees in her, I sure can't see. Look at that hair! . . . Oh, she's darling. . . I don't think much of his looks. Oh, I don't doubt that he's popular and all, but . . . there's that girl I was telling you about. Isn't she a mess? . . . Why don't they have individual pictures of the Juniors? There's lot of cuter kids in this class than in the Senior class and they got individual pictures. . . . Some of them sure do squint don't they? . . . My gosh look at that fella—looks like he's sure mad at somebody. . . . If there's anything I hate to see it's group pictures. I don't think they ever do anything justice. . . . Don't they get the funniest people for class officers? . . . Now, look, the Sophs get individual pictures. . . . Don't they look young? . . . Sure have an epidemic of blondes in this school What do they put pictures of organizations in for? . . . I didn't know she had a fur coat. . . . Why does everyone wear coats in these pictures—looks so odd in May, don't you think so? . . . My gosh, isn't she a mess? . . . He's cute. . . . Who's that? Oh, for goodness sake, I knew I'd see him at the Inn. . . . Gee, these kids look ferocious in football clothes. . . . Don't those two brothers ever date! I think they're kinda cute. . . . Why do they put "backfield"? what difference does it make? . . . My lands, seems like some of these guys are in all sports Is it true kids have to get their lessons for them? Some of them looks sorta smart. . . . Say I heard that this one makes all A's—he's kinda good-natured-looking, isn't he? Gosh! . . . We ought have a pretty good team next year if he's going to be captain. He's what I call a real he-man. Awful shy, though—that's always the way! Gee, classes pass, have to go to my 9:30 Education class."

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All Fountain Drinks—small	4c	1 Egg (any style)	5c
large	8c	Jack Horner Pies	4c
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large	8c	Mints and Chewing Gum, per pkg.	4c
All Salads	5c		

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Teachers College News

A Paper of Student Opinion and Comment

Published Each Tuesday of the school year by the students of the Eastern Illinois State Teachers College, at Charleston

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THE NEWS ADVOCATES:

- A more comprehensive recreational programme
- A class in etiquette
- The abolishment of class dues and jewelry
- A more selective membership in organizations

TUESDAY, MAY 17, 1932

A College News Sheet

What shall a newspaper do for a school—reform evils or present news? This question came up in a heated discussion at the press convention last week. Shall a newspaper be the organ of the crusader? Should it ever take sides? Is it free?

Undoubtedly, no one ever got very far sitting straddle on a fence, and yet the newspaper finds that that must be its position until it has carefully considered the problem. There must be no wild leaps into either field. Some schools contended that the two sides are clearly marked, one "faculty" and the other "students," but here at E. I. this distinction is seldom made. The reforms which are instituted here are mostly within the student body and are usually met with the sanction of the faculty before they are long under way. We are not, as some delegates contended we must be, ruled by the faculty. During the discussions at the convention, we wondered if perhaps the various editors were not airing personal grievances or giving voice to the cry of a small minority. The wise paper must differentiate between the pleas of the student body and the shouts of a few soap-box orators. If being free means that the sheet follows the whims of any and all, then being free is no virtue.

Our press is very nearly free. As free, at least, as any paper that respects the rights of others. It is true that there are many stories that come up which are never printed but it is also true that the "News" is not printed on yellow paper. A paper does well to have a definite policy or platform so that everyone knows the attitude it will take in its editorials on various matters that arise during the year. The "News" has such a platform and adheres strictly to it at all times. The duty of a news sheet is to expose, excite, and explain, and when that is done its work has been completed.

Aftermath of Class Day

There was only one thing wrong with Class Day last Wednesday—and that was the attitude of the members of the two contesting classes. Such displays of poor sportsmanship as were shown Wednesday, and on the few days preceding, are a blot upon the records of the two classes. The rules were fair enough; they were enforced as well as they might have been under the circumstances. The Student Council was combating a mob sentiment—an antagonistic attitude which tended to destroy any attempts at reconciliation.

A game is not a game without rules—and if the rules are not adhered to, there is no game. In a game of tennis, a player may catch the ball in his hand, rush to the net, and throw the ball out of the reach of his opponent. He completes the purpose of the game, to place a ball inside the court where the opponent cannot return it, but he has lost the true spirit of the game by his actions. If the entire idea is to win by fair or foul means, there is no need for a Class Day.

Poor sportsmanship as exhibited by the members of the two lower classes should certainly be outlawed from any sporting contest in which human beings take part. Conduct on the football field, on the basketball floor, or the tennis court such as shown on Class Day, would brand any player in a manner which would be hard to live down. What Class Day needs is NOT new rules, nor different supervision, but rather, more good-will between the contesting classes and a spirit of "SPORT FOR THE FUN OF IT."

The News wishes to congratulate the staff of the Warbler for the splendid annual published this year. The book compares favorably with previous Warblers, and will no doubt revive many old memories in time to come.

What Our Readers Have to Say

Letters do not necessarily reflect the opinion of the News. Please limit communications to 150 words if possible. All contributions must be signed, though names will not be printed unless requested.

AN OPEN LETTER:

To the student body—

There has been much said concerning the conduct of college students. Regardless of the amount of privates, the "child-like" actions of the students continue unabated. Class Day drew forth the youthful behavior of many of the students. For several nights previous to Class Day they participated in such things as, taking people for rides, throwing students in the lake, and other actions entirely out of place in college. Why are such things done? Do the students still have the primitive desire to annihilate their enemies by brute force?

Class Day events are held for the purpose of taking care of excess energy in the two lower classes. Why not let the one-day struggle suffice? A good time can be enjoyed by abiding by the rules for Class Day without taking members of other classes for long rides, or similar boyhood ideas of fun which amount to nothing but a waste of time and energy. Often events are carried further to where property and clothes are destroyed. Can such things be accredited to adult college students? Only high school, or even grade boys and girls would participate in the type of pranks which were indulged in by the freshmen and sophomores. Let's be grownup in our conduct. Act like the college students which we intend to be. In other words, behave ourselves.

NO FLOWERS

Brevity is the soul of modern journalism. A budding journalist was told never to use words where one would do. He carried out this advice in his report of a fatal accident in the following manner:

"John Jones struck a match to see if there was any gasoline in his tank. There was. Age sixty-five."

SONNET ONE

To A Banker

The bank is closed. Now poetry, I know,
 Was never made to write of things like this,
 And sonnets, specially, were made to show
 What love is like and what a thrill a kiss.
 And yet, the bank is closed. The bank is you—
 My bank, where all my love was put in trust.
 Now I can't pay new debts when they come due.
 It couldn't be my fault that it went bust.
 For this, you see, I put in all my love,
 I seldom made demands, nor drew it out.
 And I can swear by any star above
 That of my bank I never had a doubt.
 And yet, my bank is closed and here I stand,
 A useless check book held tight in my hand.

How Much Do You Know About E. I.?

1. Who is at the head of the English department?
2. Where is the sun dial on the campus?
3. Where could you find a picture of the president of our school, should you wish to point it out to a visitor?
4. Who was the editor of the 1931 Warbler?
5. Where is the school garden?
6. What is it used for at this time?
7. Who owns the Panthers' Lair?
8. Which team went through the lake during Class Day last year?

Chocolate Soda

A Short Mystery Story By Kathryn Mallory '33

Detective Masters ambled slowly down the main street of Hartford. The day was hot—hot and steaming. No one had met the twelve-ton train except an apathetic gentleman who showed plainly that it was only a strict sense of duty that kept him awake on such a hot day. He had been too warm to inquire the why and wherefore of this man's visit to the town. Besides, there had been quite a few strangers during the last week. Reporters and policemen were in the majority of the group. Eighteen—dove through but seldom stopped; in fact, they rather pointedly hurried through, casting wild-eyed glances at the peaceful streets. For those who read the newspapers—any newspaper in the country—knew that in this quiet little town of Hartford there had been seven murders within a week! Seven atrocious poison murders and not a single clue! All of this accounted for the presence of Mr. Masters here in Hartford.

He went the length of the street, apparently without a thought beyond his vacant stare. His "ice-cream" suit flapped loosely and he took off his Panama to wipe the sweat from his damp brow. Mr. Masters was warm. He was interested in some means of reducing the temperature. His eye fell on that ever welcome sign "Clears—Candy—Ice Cream." He made for the shop which flaunted the sign and went in.

The place was deserted except for the proprietor. People in Hartford were getting very wary of things they ate. That meant bad business. Perhaps it was this depression that caused the man to wear such a surly look.

"Hot day," said the amiable Mr. Masters.

"I know it," growled the man, in response.

In This Little World of Ours

By the Editor

THE CONDUCT of certain students during the past week, and the manner in which the annual Class Day was conducted, cannot fail to bring criticism upon the heads of those concerned. There is no thought in our minds that there was any serious or harmful intentions in the actions of the students participating in the shuffles preceding Class Day, nor can we believe that the Student Council did not mean well in their attempt to conduct the annual affair, but there can be no doubt that the Class Day was not what it should have been. Proper sportsmanship and intelligent leadership were lacking. New rules must be devised, and a better spirit instilled in the two combatting classes before the day will ever promote anything but hard feelings among the contestants.

WITH THE TIME of the presidential nominating conventions drawing near, numerous men have attempted to prophesy the results of the deliberations, or bull-headedness, of the many delegates to the conventions. The men to be nominated and the man to be elected have been named in several cases, but the most interesting prophecy is that in Scribner's Magazine by Frank Kent. Read "The Reconstruction of Herbert Hoover" in the May issue of the magazine. Kent, who is noted as a far-seeing and truthful writer upon political questions, has written an article which is well worth reading by any college student interested in national politics.

WHAT CONSTITUTES the educated man? Wm. John Cooper in the April School Life quotes first the words of an ancient Greek schoolmaster named Isocrates, and then continues to adopt these words to modern civilization. According to Isocrates, the question may be answered as one who is "capable of dealing with the ordinary events of life by possessing a happy sense of fitness and a faculty of hitting upon the right course of action." A second criterion for the educated

"I thought you did," with a placating smile. "Where's your business? Rather dead, isn't it?"

"Dead? My business?" said the man, looking very much as if he would like to hit him. "Be careful what you say! None of my customers have died—at least not from anything they got here! If anybody says they did, I'll ki—FU—FU! knock him down!"

"I didn't say you did. It was merely an unfortunate slip of the tongue. Though at that, I suppose that one never knows. At a time like this I should be careful of what I eat while I am in this town, but surely no one would give me poison. What reason would he have? But from what I've read of this affair, I think this killer has a mania for it and would kill almost anyone."

"If you want to stay healthy, you'll be very careful what you think," he said, his already swarthy face going a trifle blacker.

"Healthy? You mean that you—that someone might—?"

"I mean that strangers had better be careful while they are in this town and that's all I mean; so quit trying to make something else out of it. What do you want in here, anyway? If you don't want anything, get out!"

"Oh, but I do. I want a chocolate soda."

"Smart, ain't you? Well, let me tell you you're pretty dumb if you're going to eat anything in this town."

"Dumb?" inquired the detective, with an air of injured pride.

"Dumb? I suppose you think the state sends the dumb men down to look after cases like this? I'll have you know I'm the best man on the squad!"

"So you're a detective, huh?" sneered the man, as if detectives were the lowest form of animal life.

(Continued to page 5)

man is that "his behavior in any society is always correct and proper. If he is thorough with offensive or disagreeable company, he can meet it with easy good temper; and he treats everyone with the utmost fairness and gentleness."

MAY WE compliment the Women's Glee club of the college for the opportunity which was given the student body to hear a joint concert given with the Men's Glee club of the University of Illinois? We sincerely hope that the Glee club of the college will continue to give such splendid performances as the one given Friday, and that it will continue to sponsor worthwhile concerts such as the last one.

R. H. Elmsom in his article, "The Teacher and Extra-Curriculum Activities," says, "The present investigation and other recent studies have shown that more than 50 per cent of the secondary school teachers throughout the country must perform extra-curriculum duties, for which they are in most cases inadequately trained. Teacher-training institutions should study this problem and make adequate provision for further developments of courses that will train persons majoring in the various subjects for the activities which experience has shown, they are likely to direct." When you sign an application that you will and are capable of doing certain outside duties, have you told the truth? Are you really able?

MANY STORIES have a moral to them. This one has, or so we think. A certain class raised right up on its hind legs and "bollered." "We won't play unless we have our way." They "bollered" long and hard, and at once voted not to play. The day came along and the boys and girls were there when the time came to play. They won without much trouble, and could have without the men for whom they so laboriously yelled. The moral might be, "Don't cry before someone bites your ear."

THE LAST TRUMP..

"This, Partner, Is Our Trick"

Term End Meditations

We have long maintained that any man should be able to live happily on three times the salary he is getting, excluding, of course, teachers, students, and the unemployed. We have also insisted that any person should find solace in "the better things of life," such as, owning Packards, traveling in Europe, living on Park Avenue, and listening to Johnny Hines. We have even thought that the height of achievement would be appearing on the same program with Kate Smith and Morton Downey. We know now, of course, that we were wrong, pathetically wrong. Not only have we been spoofed, but we have also been spoofed. The aim of endeavor is to have written a term paper in our freshman year so flexible that with slight revision it would last for all classes for four years and then be suitable for a public address, six dozen letters to our wife, and an obituary.

No Wonder Al's In Atlanta

Marjory Digby and Frances Louise Hopkins inform us they had a couple of flat tires in Cicero. Some men just can't rise to the occasion.

Roy Wilson '35 recently rode down in an elevator with Wayne King and his wife. Roy will autograph Warblers for a nominal sum.

Paul Thines says, "Look around and choose the nearest window, in case you haven't enough to cover the bill."

We have heard about painting the town red, but with us the color is green.

Two more trips to Chicago and our good friends will have enough silverware to start housekeeping.

The Joint Recital

This may be a teacher's college, but it certainly is not a joint.

Or Maybe The Irish Complimenting the Freshman class, the 1932 Warbler has appeared.

The happiest person we heard of on Mothers' Day was a mother whose children all have jobs.

The News wishes to extend its sympathy to the winners and to the losers of the Class Day tussle—and in particular to the members of the staff who suffered from insomnia, rheumatism, and minor lacerations.

It'll soon be time for Diogenes to pay us a visit.

To Whom It May Concern

In case you may have forgotten, classes and chapel are still being held. The official date for the closing of school is June 6.

The most ambitious student we have heard of so far was the girl who prepared a bibliography of the term papers she had written for history and education.

Our grandfathers who delivered commencement addresses telling our fathers they were "the future leaders of civilization" must feel pretty cheap about now.

Looking at the teaching situation over impartially, we believe that it is about time the 1932 graduates decide what other calling they wish to study for.

Remember there are only three more weeks to demonstrate that we are all "just one big happy family."

Ole Poker Face and party, who viewed the class day preliminaries from a safe distance, were rudely accosted with the imperative question—"Are there any rotten eggs in this one?"

A young lady we know says her great grandfather was a Russian Jew. He may have been a Jew, all right, but we can't believe that he was a Russian.

All is not perfect in a world in which you have to go to a banquet in a broken-down Ford.

It's a little late in the year, but frankly we'd like a new poker.

Signed: Ole Poker Face.

"PODUNK"

prattles:

The cat's whiskers and the cat's meow are a little out of date for the 1932 model, but otherwise the purr is as good as ever. See Lady Cat Todd to Kitty Kat Timberlake. "Now wouldn't it be killing if the boy friend forgot to blow in this evening?" See Kitty Kat Timberlake, snatching an epoch. "Well, I'd just know he had a blow out." And thus the ALIBI (not lullaby) goes, my DEAR, DEAR CHILDREN.

Coming down to brass tacks, who in the world is going to put up with fellows who break dates, come late, and make excuses? Some of the more experienced have given us the lowdown:

1. Helen Rogers—"I don't worry."
2. Helen Slins "just naturally beats their ears down. Ahem!"
3. Evelyn Mascie—"well—we don't want to be involved."
4. Margaret Keedinger always finds more from where the first one came.
5. Margaret Palmer uses the timely rolling pin.
6. Mary Young doesn't care.
7. Ernestine Taylor can't say anything.
8. Helen Blue says, "Drive on."
9. Helen Phillips forgives.
10. Louise Leasure smiles knowingly. (Personally, we think that's the worst.)

Chuck Davenport sez he's one of these cold blooded guys that ain't going to get hooked up with no dame. Now, that coming from him is a laugh. Why—that poor guy couldn't walk across the street or drink a coke without a dame at each elbow. He's just cinched! That's all!

Laying all jokes aside, the other day we met up with one of these wise guys who said he had a heavy investment in the shoe factory. So we up and asked him the nature of his investment. "Oh," sez he, "I've bet all my dough that I can date any dame that sews a stitch at the shoe joint."

An Early Start

There ain't no use fittin' because you never know what you're bumping in to. Now take Bill Barnfield, for instance: in two minutes that hot shot told one of these News guys his whole past history including the time his mother spanked him for feeding the cat a line. We can't blame Bill for practicing, though, can we?

Say listen, we found out about where some of this book learning comes from. We'll bet the last thread on our back that Iwen had in mind the road posts at the front door of the school building when he wrote "The Pillars of Society."

Hot Staff

E. I. Hot-shot—"I'm just tickled pink to think I've got a date with Roy tonight."

E. I. Shirt—"I thought that was sunburn."

Romantic Effort

Somebody said Russell Kahan looked like Laurel of the Laurel and Hardy comedies. We're not sure about that, but we've got to admit they both use the same theme song.

And thus concludes our little kitty kat number.

Yurs' respectfully,

—Podunk.

DAYS OF THE MUD PIE REVIVED AT THE INN

The days of mud pies were re-created in a vivid manner in front of the College Inn on Tuesday evening. A group of frosh girls scooped up handfuls of mud from the gutter and hurled it. The targets? Just a few members of the class of '34. It is reported that a few of the pies developed into puddings before they left the maker's hands.

Darn That Inquiring Reporter, Bane of Our Peaceful Existence

(By Willard Turney '33)

Suppose one spring afternoon you had been reading an account of the World War. Suppose you had found the great conflict just starting. Suppose you had heard the roar of the big guns behind the line, the screech of shells as they were hurled against the enemies fort, and had felt the ground tremble as tons of trinitrotoluene exploded. And further, suppose you had heard von Emmich give the infantry the command to charge, and you had seen long lines of green-gray troops, with helmets and bayonets shining, move across the greener wheat field. And suppose you had heard the racket of Belgian machine guns and had seen the first line and the second line and the third line go down. Now just suppose you had seen all that and were about to witness the fourth line reach the summit of the fortification, when you suddenly turn your head in response to some external stimulus, and you find a girl—an attractive one at that—holding out a piece of paper and saying something you can't quite understand. What would you do? Of course, you would take the paper and find out what it is all about. Now that is just what I did, and this is the mess I got into.

The paper, I found, contained nothing but a very simple question which read something like this: "Why are not you the smartest boy in your class?" and the girl—the "villainess"—informed me with a smiling countenance and a few words that I was to make a "wise crack" answer to the question. It was all so simple. "To be sure," I said to myself, "I'll satisfy the lady's demands right off."

Well, I made an effort, and what an effort! At first, I took my pencil—or the lady's pencil, I don't know—which—and made marks on the paper. Then I bit my thumb-nail twice and wrote a sentence, but, after reading it, I promptly scratched it out. In the mean time, the girl had drawn up a chair, and with a countenance displaying expectation, watched my efforts closely. I struggled on. I tried to analyze the question and find some new or hidden meaning, but, unfortunately, I could see none. I thought of taking a tone of superiority and saying "How dare you ask me such a question; I am at the head of my class," but I knew that was far from true. I thought of taking a flippant attitude and making some such answer as "It's the teacher's mistake that I'm not at the head of my class," but that sounded even worse than the first reply.

By this time the corners of the girl's mouth had fallen a bit, and

I thought I saw a bit of the expression of Contempt as she glanced at the many marks and scratched out sentences on her paper. I struggled even harder. I tried to think what some one else would say to such a question. Once I thought of telling the truth and making the bold statement that I was lazy, but I hate to admit such a quality so I scratched that answer out too. For a time I continued to try to concentrate, during which time I quivered a great deal. Finally, after I was nearly exhausted, I handed the girl back her confounded paper. She took it and, wearing the expression of a conquering goddess, walked away.

I thought when the creature moved away that, that was the end of an imperfect inquiry, but, unfortunately, I found out different. When I read the News the next Tuesday I happened to run across her column, and this is what I found:

"Assembly—free period. Inquiring Reporter bustles in and button-holes an Intelligent-faced man."

"I. Q. (in sprightly tone)—"If you had two cents and a puddle jumper where would you go this summer?" (Rot, she has changed the question, but anyhow the coming reaction is mine.

"Intelligent-faced man moistens lips with tongue and says thickly:—'I think I'd rather write it.' I. Q. produces paper and pencil. Man is sorry but he has forgotten the question. When it is repeated he says 'Huh?' and stares vacantly at blank sheet. Silence. I. Q. restates question distinctly and in a controlled voice. Man stares at paper without saying 'Huh.' Finally he emits sounds, 'Y' think up som'n for me.'"

Now the facts are not just right, and I may not have been mean, Bu, nevertheless, I shall never feel the same in public again. Darn that inquiring reporter anyway!

Aw "nerts."

Those Frosh Nearly Uprooted Big Tree

The campus down south of Lake Ahmosewack came nearly being marred by an uprooted tree after the tug-of-war on Tuesday afternoon. The sophomores, seeing that they were being pulled toward the lake and at the same time hearing a rumor that the freshmen had too many men on their end of the rope, decided to tie their end around a tree. The freshmen, under the coaching of John Powers, proceeded to pull and were stopped just in time to prevent the uprooting of the tree.

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News Reporters Collect Number of Exciting Incidents of Class Day

A few nights before class day two burly sophomores made their way to a Lincoln street rooming house. A freshman girl, hearing a noise on the porch, came out and recognized the two as a lieutenant and a buck private from the sophomore ranks. Womanlike, the girl, grabbed a handful of the lieutenant's hair, and while he writhed in pain, she souped a bucket of water in his face. Meantime, the buck private entered the house in search of freshmen booty. Spying a figure clad in a nightgown, the soph, with visions of promotion to a lieutenant's position darting through his mind, clasped the figure around the waist and was ready to be off. All aspirations toward promotion were wrecked when the gown-clad figure shrieked "Tm Mrs. —, the landlady!"

Students busy studying in the library were rudely disturbed last Tuesday evening when the screams and shrieks of approximately 25 frenzied girls surged through the windows from in front of Pemberton Hall. A run to the windows revealed twenty freshmen girls engaged in a "battle royal" with five sophomore girls. At the close of the battle, Johnny Blackburn could be seen scurrying for the entrance of the hall in search of a new soldier suit.

Feeling that they had done their evening's work, the sophomore girls who stay at the hall made their way toward their rooms about midnight Tuesday night. In one of the rooms they found 21 freshmen girls, massed together presumably for protection, sound asleep. Their slumber was not disturbed.

It really looked bad for one of the seniors on class day afternoon when some of the sophomore girls became angry at this senior's antics with a flag made out of one of the girl's hockey colors. The senior was Johnny Powers and the sophomore girls were a well-muscled and vicious-intentioned group. The girls planned to baptize Johnny in the gushing waters of Lake Algonquin but were thwarted in their attempt when he got stubborn and laid down. They proceeded to jerk and maul him in general until he gave a lunge and broke through the crowd for his freedom. Says Johnny, "I didn't mind the jerking and mauling so much, but they nearly pulled my hair out."

Mr. Seymour says in view of the fact that there was so much arguing in every phase of the class day maneuvers, both preceding and on class day, that it would be a better plan to have a debate in the assembly room. If the prices of grapefruit, cabbage, and eggs remain at the price level they are now, it is not known what sort of a judges would have to wear.

One freshman girl was heard to make the following statement: "If the sophomores take me for a ride I'll just sit down in the middle of the road and die and my mama will die too." The cruel, cruel sophs took her for the ride. She still lives.

On class day afternoon one sophomore fellow could be seen down near Lerna with his arms wrapped fondly around a massive telephone pole. A close investigation revealed that his hands were tied together, thus clinching the love knot. Those kind souls who took him for the scenic ride along Coles county's by-ways and highways did not let their hospitality smolder once their passenger was arrived at the Lerna pole. They proceeded to gather and pile a heap of grass and greens nearby for him in case he became hungry. One far-seeing individual carried a fence post to the fellow for him to keep the wild animals of the night away with. A later report stated that the "telephone" fellow came in via the railroad track about six o'clock that evening.

During the baseball game on class day morning a freshman girl rushed up to the wire fence next to the road and shouted, "Come on, freshmen." And did the frosh

girls go? Forty strong, and the way they scaled the wire fence would make a steeplejack feel worried about his job constructing sky scrapers. One "heavy" girl was seen dashing for the gate to go around after she was unsuccessful in her attempt in scaling the fence.

A gang of "lusty" sophomore boys were waiting patiently in front of Remberton Hall on Tuesday evening. Their wait was rewarded by the arrival of the bus with the track team returning from Terre Haute. Of the 10 frosh boys aboard the bus, seven were gathered up, carried to the lake, and tossed in. A group of freshmen girls fought valiantly to rescue the boys but to no avail. It is reported that one of the girls, hailing from Johnston City, showed "Schmelling style" and also promise of developing into a future "pride of American pugilists."

One freshman, well-known about school as a stage-hand and electrician, who has been forced to use a cane for the past two weeks, reports that he likes these "two-way rides." The sophs took him "out," a farm hand untied him, and a farmer brought him back.

Combined Orchestras to Present a Concert

The College and High School orchestras will be combined into one organization to present the eighth and last of the series of Sunday afternoon Vesper Concerts, May 29. The concert will be given in the college assembly room.

The combining of the two orchestras to make one large organization will enable them to present several different types of numbers. These selections are among the better-like classical numbers.

The High School Girls' Glee club, under the direction of Miss Hanson, will present the second part of the programme. This group made an excellent showing in the E. I. League meet a few weeks ago.

Due to the fact that this is one of the few public appearances of an orchestra at E. I., a large crowd is predicted. Almost every musician in school has taken part in at least one of the Vesper Concerts, which have been sponsored by R. W. Weckel and O. Railsback of the music department.

BOYS' CHORUS APPEARS IN CHAPEL PROGRAMME

The Boys' Chorus, under the direction of Mr. Frederick Koch, and accompanied by the College Trio, sang two numbers in chapel last Saturday morning, "Frederich Barbarossa," and "March of Tuarts." This marked the first appearance of the chorus in chapel and they were enthusiastically received.

A London firm has developed the unique and profitable business of collecting discarded stage costumes, especially gaudy ones, and selling them in distant lands to primitive tribes, who delight in wearing such fancy finery.

English, Latin, Russian, Greek and Sanskrit were once the same language.

News ads pay big dividends.

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Faculty Man Turns Out to be Gambler

(By George Stiff '34)

It was only after the gravest deliberation that we dared submit the following story to the News for publication. To say that we have suffered with the culprit we are about to expose would be putting it mildly. We have suffered more, far, far more. Our school's reputation as an institution of higher learning is at stake, but we must face the facts dauntlessly and when anyone connected with our school steps from the straight and narrow path we feel it is only our duty to shout it to the world.

It was this way: a popular member of the M. A. department was in a local drug store the other day when he happened to see an enticing little game called Whiz Bang. You've seen them every place; a little rectangular affair standing on four legs and covered with a glass top. Under the glass is an intricate labyrinth of wire enclosed traps. All you had to do was to insert a penny and you had at your disposal ten shiny steel balls. Then you pulled the trigger on the end as, one by one, you shot the balls. Now it so happened that there was a prize being offered for a weekly high score. That was our hero's undoing. We say hero because, however badly he sinned by gambling, he is the subject about which our story is written and therefore must be the hero.

We are all potential gamblers and our hero was no exception. The temptation was too great. He breathlessly inserted his penny and began shooting with the reckless abandon of youth. He had all the luck that is accredited to the beginner and, lo and behold, when he counted his points they totaled a new high. His heart was light as he proudly called the clerk over for verification, and a moment later when he saw his own name as a new high he fairly burst with pride. The prize was a brand new, shiny flashlight, the kind that is the pride of every good boy scout.

Our hero left with high hopes and the gleam of youth in his checks. If only some other fellow didn't beat

(Continued to page 8)

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KING BROS.

Women Take Another Stab at the Rights of Man—Reporter Tells All

Good grief, they've done it again. Whom d. I mean? Whom could I mean? Whom does any distracted male mean when he says in mental agony, "Good heavens, look what they've done now?" WLY—the women, of course, the weaker sex. That's a good one—the weaker sex. Men's backbones are soluble in women's tears, and still we call them the weaker sex.

The occasion for the outburst—oh, yes, I was listening to the radio. A news reporter was on the air; he had finished the front page, the sports, and now he was on the fashion page. It was here that I got the shock of my life that left me momentarily stunned. He said, "Included in the regular Springs fashion news from Paris is the report that the smart women of Nice, Monte Carlo, and Paris are smoking daintily colored pipes this season."

"I could stand no more and reached over and turned off the radio. My mind was in a state of chaos as I attempted vainly to recover my mental balance. It was almost unbelievable, and yet, as I looked back over the past I knew that almost anything was to be expected. First came the regime when Carrie Nation picked up her axe and smashed her way to the "front page" and national prominence. Then in rapid succession came the demands for more freedom: the right to vote, bobbed hair, cigarettes, Almee Semple McPherson, the right to shoot an unlucky husband if he trumped

one's ace, and finally, the bankruptcy of the Police Gazette. What a tragedy that was. A magazine that used to flourish in the days when a barber shop was a place to which a man might retreat for a quiet hair-cut and an intimate peek at the Police Gazette, amply illustrated with chorus girls in abbreviated costumes. Then—and here is where that tragedy enters—came bobbed hair. The Police Gazette was doomed to a horrible death and a horrible death it did die.

And if a fitting epitaph were to be placed over the final resting place of the Police Gazette, it would read—Fatally injured by Bobbed Hair and Died a Slow and Tortuous Death.

But that is beside my story. I cautiously peeked into the future. It was a sunny afternoon in June. Down the street came two sweet young things merrily smoking away; one on a pipe and the other on a cigar—both being of the variety referred to by a native of Kentucky when he says, "Yes, Suh, that is the pride of Kentucky, Suh." In a pocket of one reposed a can of Granger Rough Out and in the other three San Felipe cigars.

I dared not let my fancy wander farther. I was feeling low—so low that I could have walked under a rug with an umbrella up—as I got up and staggered—staggered, mind you—down to the corner drug store and ordered a sarsaparilla. I wonder what in the world they will do next.

FOX LINCOLN

LAST TIMES TODAY—

The Radio Drama That Electrified the Air!

"The Trial of Vivienne Ware"

with

JOAN BENNETT

WED.-THURSDAY—

Robert Montgomery

in

"But the Flesh is Weak"

with

NORA
GREGOR

NILS
ASTHER

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY—

The Heartbreaks of Youth at the Threshold
of Manhood!

**YOUNG
AMERICA**

DORIS
KENYON

SPENCER
TRACY

TOMMY
CONLON

SUNDAY AND MONDAY—

No other story can equal its
brilliant record as a maker
of stars.

**"THE
MIRACLE
MAN"**

SYLVIA
SIDNEY

CHESTER
MORRIS

ROBERT COOGAN

LIVING
PICHEL

JOHN
WHAY



Special News of Olympics

By Leonard Horwin

"If the Organizing Committee of the Xth Olympiad of 1932 won't give me a job as guardian of the Olympic Stadium gates, I'll stake my last dime against all comers that I'll crash the gates."

"One-Eye" Connolly, whom Ted Cook titles the "King of Gate-Crashers"—the world-famous hero of 30 years of gate-crashing exploits, now looking a bit the worse for rough handling by Old Man Hank Luck—tossed the above verbal bombshell into the Los Angeles offices of Olympic officialdom and in the presence of your correspondent.

J. F. MacKenzie, manager of ticket sales for the Xth Olympiad, when advised of Connolly's bold challenge, accepted it with quiet confidence.

"I accept the challenge of the great 'One-Eye' Connolly and will stake an amount equal to his on the outcome. As one segment of the Xth Olympiad Organizing Committee, we feel that the Ticket Department is fool and trick-proof."

To back up his answer with hard facts, the challenged official took us on an inspection tour through the ticket sanctuary, just opened at a block's distance from the busiest corner west of Chicago—a sanctuary as amazing in its completeness and efficiency, as fascinating in its intricacy.

They Had No Worry

Not faced with the rigors of the modern world, the ancient sporting bloods who watched the entrance to the sacred Altis on the banks of the River Alpheus admitted all gratis—that is, all except women. Neither Zeus nor his male worshippers would permit the pettiness of femininity amid ceremonies of such deep religious significance as the Olympic Games.

One seat of honor, however, was reserved for the revered priestess of Demeter, Goddess of Earth and Good Crops—a piece of ancient "apple-polishing," as it were.

Women were the only "One-Eye" Connollys of that day; and the male guardians got around that hurdle by requiring the Olympic participants to appear in the nude.

The Modern Way

The guardian of the Olympic gates in 1932 will erect no bars of sex in the face of the entering throng. His sole interest will be 15 tons of beautifully steel-engraved tickets delivered to the patron in souvenir leather or pocket cases, on which sixty printers and engravers have been working six months. The printing of each of these tickets costs as much as the printing of a U. S. twenty-dollar bill and they sell at prices from 25 to 40% lower than any in modern Olympic history.

In the pre-Olympic rush, 300 highly-trained maidens will stand ready to supply tickets for 2,500,000 reserved seats to 135 different programs, and to serve patrons speaking at least 6 different languages, if necessary. One self-auditing, central accounting machine, a mechanical marvel constructed specially for use in the Xth Olympiad, will be recording the exchange of millions of dollars for vouchers, and printing automatically an incredible amount of information on each.

In The Steel Maw

In the vaults below, 20 telephone girls will be pouring invisible streams of information over 15 private lines; and a teletype system will be tying 8 stadiums, housing 14 types of sport facilities, and the Olympic Village surveying from the hills the whole amphitheatre of events—all in a link of seconds.

Within steel walls, a score of subordinate ticket managers for each event will be checking out under one central auditor cardboard tokens of joy for millions, while the seating results are recorded on 25 sets of charts for the Olympic Stadium alone.

Here in the center section—the seats of a thousand press men from the world over; here, the 2,000 athletes resting and watching others do their stuff; here, the lounge seats for the high Moguls of the

BEUMEN DEFEAT INDIANA STATE 75-51

Track Squad Ends Season With Best Records in Years

Panthers Have Victories Over McKendree, Shurtliff, and Indiana Normal.

The Teachers College track team defeated Indiana Normal at Terre Haute Tuesday by the score of 75-51. This victory rounds out a good track season—the best that E. I. has had in the past ten years having won three of four dual meets. The Panther track clads boast victories over McKendree, Shurtliff, and Indiana Normal, having lost one decision to Illinois Normal, the latter team considered the best in the state.

Coach F. A. Beu deserves a great deal of credit in turning out such a track team which shows the results of hard work and long hours on his part as well as the athletes themselves.

100 yard dash—Funkhouser, E. I.; Milbrandt, Indiana; Seaton, E. I. Time—10.3.

220 yard dash—McCoy, E. I.; Funkhouser, E. I.; Milbrandt, Indiana. Time—22.6.

440 yard dash—Allkins, Indiana; Boots, Indiana; Baker, E. I. Time—52.3.

880 yard run—Thudium, E. I.; Cummins, E. I.; Lewis, Indiana. Time 2:07.

1 mile run—Brewer, E. I.; Thudium, E. I.; Lewis, Indiana. Time—5:07. Broad Jump—Walker, E. I.; Cunningham, Indiana; Regplie, E. I. Distance—21 feet 9 inches.

Two mile run—Harrison, E. I.; Galbreath, E. I.; Brewer, E. I. Time 11:02.

120 yard high hurdles—Todd, Indiana; Foorman, E. I.; Titus, E. I. Time—16.9.

220 yard low hurdles—Funkhouser, E. I.; Sterling, Indiana; Regplie, E. I. Time—26.4.

Shot put—Perkins, Indiana; Thomas, E. I.; Teaty, Indiana. Distance—39 feet 11 inches.

Javelin—Turpen, Indiana; Craig, Indiana; Cunningham, Indiana. Distance—164 feet 8 inches.

Discus—Petty, E. I.; Thomas, E. I.; Hardy, E. I. Distance 113 feet 2 inches.

Pole vault—Milbrandt, Indiana; Slaughter, E. I.; Hines, E. I. Height—11 feet 1 inch.

High jump—Weston, Indiana; Cunningham, Indiana; and Alexander, E. I. all tied for first place. Height—5 feet 6 inches.

880 yard relay—Won by E. I. (Funkhouser, Baker, McCoy, Seaton.)

The baseball game scheduled between Illinois Wesleyan and the Panthers was postponed Monday because of wet grounds. The team left this (Tuesday) morning for Normal where the Lantmen will engage the Normal team this afternoon. The season ends May 28.

world, with President Hoover's party included.

Even the Rajahs so-and soe from Afghanistan will possibly be there, since Afghanistan formally entered the Games two weeks ago.

The New Free Trade

When the athletic hosts of the world stand assembled in Olympic Stadium on July 30; when the lone athlete representing the world steps forward to take Olympic oath and 2,000 voices swell in chorus as the Olympic torch on the Stadium's massive peristyle bursts into light; when 105,000 spectators from 40 nations thrill to the opening ceremony—Baron Pierre de Coubertin, founder of the modern Games, will once more be saying in spirit—

"Let us export our carmen, our runners, our fencers, into other lands. That is the true Free Trade of the future."

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Little Nineteen Conference Track Meet Held at Monmouth Saturday

Great Number of Stars Entered in Annual Meet; Expect New Records.

Intercollegiate competition in track among the colleges of the Little Nineteen conference promises to be especially keen this year. Results and records of the indoor meets point to a big field getting underway at once with all teams engaged in duals or some of the big meets. The climax of the season will be the annual conference meet at Monmouth this Friday and Saturday.

For the second year in succession and for the third time in five years Monmouth College will be host to nearly 400 competitors who enter the meet representing the 22 colleges of the conference. The facilities at Monmouth for handling the meet are unsurpassed in the state. The quarter mile oval with a 220 yard straightaway eight lanes wide is in excellent condition. H. L. Hart, director of athletics, will manage the meet and Dr. T. H. McMichael, president of Monmouth College, will likely be honorary referee.

Illinois Normal, winner of the indoor championship at North Central, is the early favorite with such fine performers as Johnson, Murray, Nichols, Mills, Pricks, Wallace, Hudson, Hubbell and Bremer. Lambert Redd, of Bradley, the outstanding individual of the meet last year is expected to take high point honors again.

North Central, Illinois College, Bradley, Elmhurst, and Wesleyan all showed considerable strength in the indoor meet and must be counted in the running for high honors. Carthage has not had an opportunity to demonstrate the strength of her team but Coach Lewis Omer has some fine material among the old men and a group of freshmen that set splendid marks in high school. Knox is expected to be strong again this year with considerable new strength from last year's freshmen.

Monmouth fans are optimistic about their favorites as the Scots seem to have more strength than they have been able to muster for a number of years. Most of the regulars of last season are back in competition and have been joined by a number of sophomores from last years good freshmen squad.

Other schools in the conference who have the nucleus for strong teams in two or three stellar performers are hoping to discover and develop the strength that will place them near the top in the big meet. It is expected that new contenders for top honors will be available before the conference meet rolls around.

Panthers Defeated by Ill. Wesleyan in a Bad Game, 17-4

The Panther nine went down to a 17-4 defeat before the attack of Illinois Wesleyan baseball team on the local diamond Thursday afternoon. The Wesleyan team knocked six home runs during the game.

Wesleyan	AB	R	H	C
Craig, 2b	5	2	2	4
Swanson, rf	0	0	0	0
Appleton, ss	4	2	1	4
Vistart, c	4	4	1	1
Walsh, c	0	0	2	0
Bergdahl, 1b	4	2	3	9
Cloft, rf-2b	1	0	1	0
Haid, rf-1b	4	1	0	3
Henry, cf	5	0	1	4
Oraff, lf	2	0	1	1
Regelin, 3b	5	2	2	4
Mastine, p	4	2	1	6
Totals	38	17	15	48

Teachers College	AB	R	H	C
Kelsey, 2b	5	0	1	4
Singler, 1b	4	0	1	9
Simcox, ss	4	0	0	5
Thomason, 3b	3	0	1	6
Prico, rf	4	0	0	1
R. Buckler, cf	4	1	1	1
F. Buckler, lf	2	0	1	2
Viseur, c	4	1	0	6
Curry, p	3	1	0	2
Lauman, p	0	0	0	1
Brady, p	1	0	0	0
Kirk, lf	2	1	2	1
Totals	36	4	7	37

Wesleyan . . . 104 111 450-17
Eastern . . . 002 000 002-4

Errors—Regelin, 2; Craig, Mastne, Singler, Simcox. Two-base hits—Regelin, Appleton. Three-base hits—Craig. Home runs—Vistart, 3; Bergdahl, 2; Regelin. Stolen base—Hanold. Double plays—Appleton to Craig to Bergdahl; Simcox (unassisted); Thomason to Singler. Bases on balls—Off Curry, 1; off Lauman, 2; off Brady, 1. Struck out—By Mastne, 6; Lauman, 4. Hits—Off Curry 5 in 2 2-3 innings; off Lauman in 5 1-3; off Brady 2 in 1. Wild pitch—Lauman. Hit by pitcher—By Mastne (Thomason); by Lauman (Appleton); by Brady (Graiff.) Umpire—Nelson. Time—2:00.

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to go to THE LINCOLN INN, the rendezvous of the college-bums. There you will find not only the best in London and Poodle-bum, but also Courtroom Attention to your wants.

DANCE TUESDAY NIGHT

Normal Team and Wesleyan Winners in District Meet

Goff and Sweet of Normal Win Singles; Normal, Wesleyan Doubles.

State Normal and Wesleyan grabbed all the honors in the district tennis meet held here last Monday. State Normal placed both of her singles men and her doubles team, and Wesleyan placed her doubles team. The five schools represented were State Normal, Eureka, Illinois Wesleyan, Millikin, and E. I.

Goff of State Normal came out on top in his bracket with a 6-3, 6-4 win over Driver of Wesleyan. Sweet of Normal won the other bracket with a 6-4, 1-6, 6-4 win over Trotter of Wesleyan.

In the doubles the Wesleyan men defeated the Eureka pair 6-3, 6-2 to win one side of the bracket. State Normal defeated the Panther team 6-1, 6-1 to win the other side. The finals were not played.

The local men made a poor showing, all being defeated in the first round. Wyeth lost to Driver of Wesleyan 6-1, 6-1, while Kellam lost to Trotter of the same school 6-3, 9-7. Marker and Betebeumer dropped their doubles match to Goff and Sweet of Normal 6-1, 6-1.

The courts were wet and slow, and not much really good tennis was shown in the tournament, although Goff and Driver came through with some excellent play at times.

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Cleverly trimmed turbans and tams await you in a wide range of styles and colors. Come make your selection now.

NOTE—Kline's hose are the best in town. We have a new range of colors now to match the new sheer frocks.

Chocolate Soda

(continued from page 4)

Then resting his elbows on the counter in front of him, he jeered, "And I suppose you think you'll catch this criminal, yeah?"

"I'll catch him before sunset," Mr. Masters boasted. "I'll bet anyone a thousand that I can."

"Vain, like all fat men! Well, ssp, I'll take you up on it—but I don't suppose a dick has a thousand. A thousand you don't get him before sunset and a thousand you don't get him at all!"

Mr. Masters laughed confidently and turned his back to lean against the bar. "Fix up that soda. I can't go sleuthing without something to cool me off."

"I'll do that," promised the man. While he was waiting, a little terrier came into the store. He was a bright little fellow with such an air of being at home that one knew he belonged to the man behind the bar even before the question brought an unfriendly grunt. Mr. Masters leaned down and patted him, causing the puppy to leap frantically upon him, giving vent to happy little barks in time to a violent wagging of the stubby tail.

"Here's your soda."

"Thanks."

He raised the glass to his lips but the puppy leaped at him so frantically that he lowered it again to speak to the dog. "What's the matter, boy? Are you hot, too?"

Again he raised the glass and again the puppy dog begged for it. "All right, boy. Anyone who leaps that way on such a hot day, deserves to have what he wants."

He bent to put the glass in reach of the dog when an angry voice almost caused him to lose his balance.

"Hey! What do you think you are doing? Leave my dog alone!"

"But I was only going to give him my soda," explained the kind hearted Mr. Masters. "Why not?"

"Well, I don't want no dog drinking out of my glasses. The customers don't like it."

"Ah, yes, the customers," said Mr. Masters with a significant wave around the empty shop. "I'll pay for the glass, too."

With this he once more lowered the glass to the anxious pup.

"You leave that dog alone!" shouted the man, running around the counter to catch the pup up into his arms.

Mr. Masters sat the glass on the counter and turned to the man. The vacant stare and the pompous stride were both gone with him and in their place was a steely gaze that reminded one that he was detective Masters.

"Just why couldn't that dog have that soda?" he asked, as if he knew the answer.

The man glared back but made no answer. His expression changed from anger to fear and back again to a helpless sort of anger.

"You win," he said, "and still you lose." He grabbed the soda and drank it rapidly. "Try and collect that thousand from my estate. I'll be dead in a few minutes and it is two or three hours till sunset."

"Sunset and evening star" quoted the detective. "And one clear call for me."

The man laughed and slumped into a chair.

"Sunset at my old bar."

It was a chocolate soda did the trick.

Why should I stop to wait for the rope or chair?

I'll take a method that is sure and quick.

"Didn't know I was a poet, did you?" he asked, still with that ugly laugh in his voice. "There are a lot of things people don't know about me. This town thought that because I was a Greek, I wasn't as good as the rest—didn't know much. Well, I knew enough to fool the state seven times! I could have made it eight, too, if you hadn't made me so mad. Some of these people that looked down on me aren't looking down on anyone, now. Let them trace their ancestry back

George Stiff Tells of Kentucky Derby

(Continued from page 1)

few dismal eggs and ice water in a bucket waiting to be dipped out by a democratic tin-cup. George insists that, although normally hungry, neither he nor Leo accepted sustenance from that particular source.

Ragamuffins Hoodwink the Law

Here is a new slant on rackets. Two shrewd little urchins, potential money-magnets, placed a step ladder outside the fence and charged five cents for each person that went up and over. Business was brisk and the nickels rolled in. The Arm of the Law had a cramp temporarily (which condition some predict is becoming chronic) because the cops were mounted and inside the fence. The intrepid little promoters were outside the fence and around mounted police jurisdiction, anyway. So business flourished.

The following information might here be tucked in: George Stiff in Louisville, realized his ambition to hear Clyde McCoy and Mark Fisher play in person. Incidentally, he was introduced to Miss Louisville of 1930, a "devastating brunette" (George's words).

Among the Millionaires

On Saturday, Derby day, the same man who had been impressed once before by Leo's "connections," bowed the young men in action. They were bolder on this second day and George shamelessly confesses, dared to crash the "club house"—that exclusive box section in front of the finish line. One of the one hundred dollar boxes was empty (depression), so George and Leo coolly climbed in from the center field and sat among the celebrities for exactly nothing—in cash.

Just down the line George spied Max Schmeling — looking much handsomer than his pictures admit. On all sides well-groomed men and women tipped engraved flasks frequently. In the next box six boisterous fellows were "soaked to the gills." George reports that he has never seen such free flowing of liquor. Of course, such a sight is scarcely edifying, but it does make one's eyes "bug out."

Ex-Louisville Newsy Rides Winner

First notes of the "Star Spangled Banner" clarified the crackling hum of fifty thousand spectators sunk to an expectant hush. As a clear-blown bugle sounded, horses—with vivid, intent jockeys astride, began prancing out of the paddocks.

The favorite, "Tick-On" pawed nervously and would not hold still. It was a false start; the mobroated wags in the adjoining box huddled, counting "One-two-three," then yelled, "They're Off!" It worked—six tumbled men swayed a crowd. People sprang up, binoculars went into play. The mob was tense for a moment—then sank back disappointed.

At last the start was true. Thoroughbreds flying, yet from a distance seeming to creep, about the great track were as a powerful magnet to the Mayflower! They'd be alive now if they'd have admitted it was the steerage instead of first class that brought them over! I showed them, I guess! You'll find evidence enough. There's a bottle marked vanilla, back behind the counter."

The detective said nothing at all. It was too late to help the man. As he went to the telephone to call the local police, he looked back at him. The smile was still on the the Greek's lips when he went "out to sea" with a whimpering puppy clutched tightly in his arms.

Faculty Man Turns Out to be Gambler

(Continued from page 6)

his score. Then came anxious days of worry and finally, the day upon which the prize was to be awarded. The well known brown sodan was backed hurriedly out of its garage sometime during the day and after a hurried trip up town our hero entered the above mentioned store. With his heart in his throat our hero followed the proprietor in. His eyes hungrily sought out the sign that gave high scores. Great Caesar, his name was still high and the flashlight was his. Choked with emotion he thanked the man when the shiny new flashlight was placed in his trembling hands. Eagerly and almost tenderly he pressed the button. Instantly a white beam of light shot out. It worked. Our hero was beside himself with excitement as he repressed the shouts of happiness that filled his soul.

We have told our story and in so doing have tried to present to our dear beloved readers an impartial and unbiased view. Our hero gambled and won. If he had lost we could find in our hearts no forgiveness, but since he won we will try to forgive him. But let him sin no more.

BAND CONCERT ALUMNI DAY

According to a recent announcement by Mr. R. W. Weckel, director of the Concert band, the organization will present an afternoon concert on Alumni Day. If the weather permits the concert will be played out-of-doors. The grounds just south of the gymnasium have been selected as the location of the concert. The programme, which will last 45 minutes, will be composed of marches, selections from operettas, and other classical numbers.

net drawing fifty thousand pairs of eyes. But, George, at least, was not not unconscious of his surroundings—the excited, half-hysterical cries about him, planes zooming over the center field, colorful sport garb shimmering riotously in the bright sun.

Winner—Burgoo King. The favorite is beaten badly. Burgoo King's rider, Eugene James, ex-Louisville "newsy" was nervous and embarrassed as he rode up into the battery of news cameras, yet, George asserts, he looked "tickled pink." That victory meant "five grand" to him.

As George Stiff, avid Derby enthusiast, "I'm going back again when I can put plenty of money on a horse's nose, and just stand in a box and yell!"

News Wins First in State Press Contest

(Continued from page 1)

ethics of good newspapers, and especially to the college press.

Professor Barlow awarded the certificates for the contests. The News receiving four. For the best paper in class I, for schools having an enrollment over 400, the News was awarded first place. The paper from DeKalb Teachers college won second.

Staff Wins Awards

Ray Wilson '30, associate editor of the News, was awarded second place for his editorial, "On Loading." Burdell Murray '35, feature writer, won second place in the interview or speech write-up contest with her feature, "A Democrat for President? Yes—Says Mr. Seymour." "Smiling With Smick," written by Irvin Singler '32, sports editor, was awarded the second prize for the best feature column not humor.

At the close of the banquet the delegates adjourned to North Central college at Naperville where a short business session was held.

Those who made the trip were Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Andrews, Paul Elliot Blair '33, Paul Tinnes '33, Marjory Digby '34, John Black '34, Roy Wilson '35, Harold Coppingham '35, Helena Linder '34, Kathryn Mallory '33, Frances Louise Hopkins '32, and Louise Handel '35.

The members of the nominating committee for the Men's Union met last week and selected the following men for the office of president of the Union for 1932-33: Harold Markes '34, Dawn Well '33, and Alvin VonBehren '33.

At The Shows

Last times today, Tuesday, May 17, "THE TRIAL OF VIVIANNE WARE," starring Joan Bennett.

Wednesday and Thursday, May 18-19, "BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK," starring Robert Montgomery, with Nils Astor, Nora Gregor and Edward Everett Horton.

Friday and Saturday, May 20-21, "YOUNG AMERICA," starring Doris Kenyon and Spencer Tracy.

Sunday and Monday, May 22-23, "THE MIRACLE MAN," starring Sylvia Sydney and Chester Morris with Robert Coogan and Irving Pichel.

Answers to Questions

1. Miss McKinney.
2. In the center of the garden.
3. In the reception room, above the mantel.
4. Miss Mary Abraham '33, Casey.
5. Back of the training school.
6. It is laid out in the garden plots for the school children.
7. The school.
8. The Freshmen.

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